



VOL. XXII.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 9, 1854.

NO. 11.



"Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man."

TICKS UPON SHEEP.

Every farmer who keeps sheep knows that they are frequently troubled during the winter and spring, with an insect commonly called ticks. If the sheep come to the barn in a lean condition at housing time, they are sure to become very much infested with them.

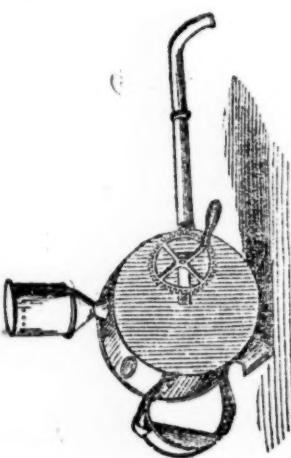
These insects are a species of what naturalists call *acar*. They are a great annoyance to the poor animals, causing them to become more and more emaciated, and preventing any ease and comfort. They cannot thrive any, however well they may feed them, under the constant irritation which is produced by the ticks. It is not only a duty for the farmer to destroy these pests, but it is a work which regard for his own profit will prompt him to perform.

How is it best done? We have tried various experiments, and find nothing better than to fill the fleece with tobacco smoke. Whenever the smoke comes in contact with one of the vermin it soon kills him, and if it does not come in contact with him, the odor left in the wool by the smoke will kill him in a little while.

What is the best method of applying this smoke?

We have, for some years, used an instrument made of sheet iron, somewhat in the form of a tunnel with a lid to it. This lid had a tube in the middle of it which would slip tightly on the nozzle of a pair of common bellows. Dry tobacco crumbled into the body of the tunnel is set on fire, the lid shut down, and the tube slipped on to the nose of the bellows, and then, by blowing briskly, the tobacco is ignited and the smoke blown where you wish. This apparatus did well, but there was trouble about it. It would become hot and difficult to handle if you wished to refill it, and it would sometimes burn the wool if suffered to become too hot.

We have now found a far better apparatus, and one which we find, on trial, to answer the purpose completely. It is "Brown's Patent Fumigator," a cut of which is herewith presented to you.



It is an English invention, first made known in this country by Messrs. Hovey & Co., of Boston. It was advertised in their Magazine of Horticulture, as being an excellent instrument for fumigating "greenhouses, frames, dwellings, ships, closets, warehouses, shrubs, flowers," or anything else, with tobacco or any other combustible you please, for the purpose of destroying insects.

On examining into the principles of its action, we concluded, although we had no greenhouses to fumigate, that it would be just what we wanted for smoking ticks on sheep. A trial of it proved it first rate for this purpose. It is made of tin or sheet iron, with a magazine on the top, into which the tobacco is put, set on fire, and shut up, the air being admitted by the holes in the side near the top of it. In the body of the machine is a fan, which, when turned by the crank, causes an influx of air through the holes, and thence through the burning tobacco and out of the tube in the side.

By inserting this tube in the wool, you can throw in any amount of cool, dense smoke, which at once gives a quietus to any insects there. Cattle infested with lice may also be cleared of such vermin in the same manner, and hens, also, and if your dog, *Boss*, becomes infested with fleas, as dogs often do, just put the nozzle of the instrument, when in "full blast," among his fur, and you relieve him at once.

You can get the machine of Messrs. Hovey & Co., No. 7, Merchants' Row, Boston, and it will cost you from \$2.50 to \$3.00, more, according to size.

ANNUAL MEETINGS OF AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

We have received the accounts of the doings of several of the Agricultural Societies in this State, at their annual meetings, which we give below.

WALDO AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY. The members of the Waldo Agricultural Society met agreeably to previous notice at the Court House in Belfast, on Thursday, the 16th day of February, A. D. 1854, for the election of officers for the current year, and the following gentlemen were unanimously chosen:—

President—Isaac Curver, of Searsport.

First Vice President—Thos. W. Cunningham, of Belmont.

Second Vice President—Samuel S. Hengon, of Prospect.

Secretary—Isaac Allard, of Belfast.

Treasurer—Wm. T. Colburn.

The following gentlemen were chosen Trustees:—

John Hengon, of Prospect; Horace McKenney, of Moorport; Joseph H. Frye, of Prospect; Thos. B. Hussey, Unity; William Chase, Freedom; George

White, Frankfort; Mark Shibles, Knox; Charles B. Wetherbee, Belmont; Jacob Cunningham, Swanville; Alva Marden, Palermo; Joseph Ellis, Brooks; Ransom Rich, Jackson; Wm. Patterson, Thomdike; Benjamin Tripp, Searsport; Benjamin Stevens, Jr., Northport; M. H. Delano, Camden; D. A. Payson, Hope; Edward P. Brown, Salsburgh; C. Nickerson, H. G. O. Washburn, Daniel L. Fitcher, James W. Webster, Belfast; A. W. Barrill, Waldo; John Cross, Lincolnville; Rufus Gilmore, Monroe; Nathan Pierce, Montville; Joshua Ellis, Prospect; Horace Littlefield, Waldo; Thomas M. Morrow, Searsport; Mark S. Stiles, Jackson.

Voted, To hold the annual Fair, for 1854, in the City of Belfast, on the 11th and 12th days of October.

Voted, To adopt the last year's list of premiums, subject to such alterations as the trustees may make at their meeting to be held in June next.

Voted, That the trustees meet at the Court House in Belfast on Saturday, the 17th day of June next, at nine of the clock in the forenoon.

Voted, To raise a committee of five to fix upon a list of Committees on premiums, to be reported at the trustees' meeting in June next; also, to make such report as they may deem expedient, relative to conducting the annual Fair.

The following gentlemen were chosen said committee:

H. G. O. Washburn and Chas. Giles, Belfast; David Norton, Montville; Willis S. Barrill, Waldo; Thos. W. Cunningham, Belmont.

Voted, That the above committee meet for the transaction of business, at the Court House in Belfast, on Saturday, the 25th day of March next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

All members of the society that feel an interest, are desired to be present at said meeting, to make such suggestions in aid of their business, as they may think for the interest of the society.

Voted, To adjourn.

ISAAC ALLARD, Secretary.

NORTH ANSONTOWN AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this Society, held at Fort Fairfield on the 22d of February, the following officers were chosen:—

President—John Allen, Esq., of Letter G.

Vice Presidents—John N. Trueworthy, Presque Isle; Isaac F. Ellis, Maple Grove; William G. Merchant, Maple Grove.

Recording and Corresponding Secretary—C. H. Ellis, Maple Grove.

Treasurer and Collector—Joel Bean, Letter G.

Agent—W. A. Vaughan, Letter H.

Trustees—S. B. Patten, Fort Fairfield; Jos. D. Pike, Presque Isle; Ivory Harrison, Letter H.

C. H. Ellis, E. C. Blake, Joseph Blake, Sumner Whitney, I. Harrison, J. D. Pike, and John Allen, were chosen a committee to call an Agricultural meeting at such places as they think proper, and to obtain a person to deliver an agricultural address on the 4th of July next.

C. H. Ellis, Secretary.

NORTH PENOBSCOT AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of the North Penobscot Agricultural and Horticultural Society, held at Lincoln, on the 14th of February, the following officers were elected:—

President—Hon. W. R. Horsey, of Lincoln.

Vice Presidents—Hon. E. Bradford, of Lee; Nelson Jordan, of Lincoln.

Treasurer and Collector—David S. Plumly, Agent and Librarian—J. C. Merrill.

Recording Secretary—J. A. Whittier.

Corresponding Secretary—N. M. Hartwell.

Eight Trustees were also chosen, but we do not have their names.

For the Maine Farmer.

ORCHARDS WORTH IMPROVING.

The present high prices of fruit remind farmers that good orchards are profitable even in a barren season like the past, and may induce the enquiry with many, How shall I manage my orchard, which produces but a scanty crop of inferior fruit, to make it more profitable?

That there is a cause for barrenness is evident, and in order to apply a remedy, it is first necessary to ascertain where the trouble is. Perhaps the first enquiry may properly be, were the trees when planted in good condition and well set? or were they of second or third quality, and fifty or more planted in a day, when the same labor had been profitably expended upon five! If the error should be traced to either of these causes, an effectual remedy may be sought for in vain. I will cite an example within my knowledge of one who ploughed a few furrows for the roots of his trees, and then plowed the dirt on to cover them, a quick way to plant trees, but the result was as might be expected: a small part lived a few years, but I think all died.

Another labored hard to plant five trees, but when done were worth more than one hundred crowded into small holes, so too many are.

But if the trees have become exhausted, as too many have, in the same way a corn-field, planted many years in succession without manure, may be done towards restoring it, not to that degree of tillage of N. P. Norton's, (whose entire farm consists of eight acres, and whose fruit crop the past season amounted to \$850,) yet with a liberal dressing, judicious pruning, scything and washing the trees, &c., much of its decayed vigor may be restored, which would be largely repaid in the quality and quantity of fruit, besides affording its owner the pleasure of seeing his trees in a comparatively healthy condition, rather than dying by inches from starvation.

Vassalboro', 1854. D. TABER.

POULTRY DUNG. Have this regularly swept up every Saturday, packed away in barrels and sprinkled over with plaster. Dana, with force and truth says: "The strongest of all manures is found in the droppings of the poultry yard."

Next year each barrel of it will manure half an acre of land; save it then and add to the productive energies of your soil. Don't look upon it as too trivial a matter for your attention; but recollect that the globe itself is an aggregate of small matters.

GRAFTING OLD ORCHARDS—NORTHERN SPY APPLIES.

It seems strange, Mr. Editor, after all that has been said and written about fruit, as a source of luxury and profit, that so little progress is made in raising it. Many of our orchards, which are really worth several times the amount of land they occupy, are considered and treated as "cumberlands of the ground." To show how speedily such trees may be made to produce good fruit, let me state a few instances that have happened in my own neighborhood.

In the year 1848, we employed an experienced grafter to set about 3000 scions in a very old orchard, paying for the same sixty dollars. The orchard being deprived of its principal branches, produced good crops of corn and potatoes ever since. In 1852, we gathered 100 barrels of Baldwin apples, worth, exclusive of barrels, \$83. The Baldwin, it should be stated, bears its principal crops in even years, and is doubtless the most prolific and profitable apple for the New England States.

Col. W. grafted a small orchard in another town, the regular price of which amounted to twelve dollars. The owner, thinking his adventure too hazardous—varying, he supposed, too much from the beaten track of his illustrious predecessors, objected to paying the full amount. Col. W. then proposed to take one-half of the fruit which should grow on the trees during the next twelve years, which proposal was accepted, with written agreement to keep the orchard well cultivated, and gather the fruit. At the end of the fourth year, Col. W., calling for his share of the products, learned that the trees had borne twenty-five barrels, and that his half would be worth eight hundred dollars. The owner then offered to give him one hundred dollars to relinquish his claim to the remainder of the term—eight years—which the Colonel refused, saying that he expected to realize more than that sum for the crop of a single season.

It is frequently objected that trees are too old to graft. We thought so once; but the history of a single tree lessened greatly the force of this objection. Our nearest neighbor was accustomed to tie his horses to a tree in the dooryard, one side of which was thickly set with hooks and staples, but the other side was entirely rotten away. As the tree was unsightly, Mr. E. determined at first to cut it down, but afterwards concluded to graft it with an early apple which he wished to have near his house. Since it was grafted, it has stood nearly twenty years, growing on one side and decaying on the other, so that the hooks have all been pulled out from the inside, and our neighbors of some sixty winters, think it looks quite as young and verdant as when he changed its character; and has no doubt that he shall eat apples from this "old shell" as long as he lives.

We were going to say a word about the theory and practice of grafting old trees, but must come to a period here, in order to say a word about the Northern Spy apple.

This apple, "with free soil tendencies," has nearly established its right to a standing among the other fruits of Maine—we mean as far as words are concerned. A native of the north, and a fruit of superior flavor when grown in Western New York, retaining its freshness longer than any other apple—it was confidently hoped that it would prove to us worthy of general culture. We first noticed this fruit in Boston, when it was selling readily in the month of April for fifty cents a dozen. Our first impression was, that it was only a moderate bearer, and the young trees which we obtained that spring from Rochester, only confirmed that opinion. The trees were very upright growers, which are generally moderate or shy bearers; and we have a prejudice, or an idea, that the shape of the tree and the shape of the apple usually correspond. It has been grafted upon the tops of old trees to a considerable extent in the vicinity of Newburyport, but the first two or three crops have not been one-fifth as large as the Baldwin would have yielded in a similar situation, while the first has been inferior in size and shape, and the flavor insipid. One man who had been one of its earliest and most earnest cultivators, was satisfied that it had not borne one-tenth part as much as other trees having no better advantages, and that he should, the coming spring, cut off the Northern Spy to give place to more productive varieties.

The tree is recommended as being very hardy. We regret it has not proved so with us. The young trees we obtained the first season were all killed the following winter, and we believe nurserymen generally consider this more tender than any of our native kinds. On the tops of large trees, however, it will succeed well in this respect, and in strong soils will doubtless increase in flavor as the tree grows older. No apple commands so high a price as this in the spring and summer—but for orchard culture, with a view to profit, it can hardly compete with our New England varieties. J. W. A.

Portland, Feb. 22, 1854.

BUSHEL AND ACRE. What difference is there between the United States bushel and the English—also in the acre of the two countries? Ans.—

The standard bushel of the United States is the same as the "Winchester bushel," which was the standard in England from the time of Henry VII to 1826, and contains 2,150.4 cubic inches. The present standard in England is the "Imperial bushel," which contains 2,218.192 cubic inches, being within a fraction of 68 cubic inches larger than that of the United States. The acre is the same in both countries.

To PRESERVE GARDEN TREES. Take out a block of wood extending into the bark above and below the girdle, and take from the body or limb of another tree a block corresponding in size and shape, with the bark on, and adjust it in the place, and bind it there, on the principle of grafting. This plan has proved completely successful.

MILDEW ON GOOSEBERRIES. Samuel Edwards, La Moille, Ill., states that for several years his gooseberry bushes were badly affected by mildew. Last year he gave them a very severe pruning, mulched with coarse hay, top dressed the soil with well rotted barn yard manure, salt and leached ashes, and he has no mildew.

BEST MODE OF PREVENTING SNOW FROM DRIFTING UP ROADS.

Mr. Editor—As we have had snow drifts in perfection this winter, I am induced to pen a few remarks in regard to their prevention, which, I believe, in many cases, might be adopted by the citizens of our goodly State, to the great advantage of many of its inhabitants.

I would propose first, to take the three top rails off from the fences, on the side of the road that the snow comes down drifts from, in all places that are subject to drifting badly, and many such places I presume there are on all roads, as well as ours, places that are sure to be drifted every winter if there is any quantity of snow. To be sure stone walls could not be taken down, but a little lateral felt on the subject, and farmers, in bad places for snow to drift, would be willing to build some other kind of fence on the side that the snow blows in from.

Farmers might now possibly, not feel an interest to take down their fences, but would it not be for the interest of the State, for the Legislature to pass a law as they did about watering troughs, that those persons who took down their fences, should be allowed so much for so doing as their highway tax, and then leave it discretionary with the surveyors of highway districts, to say who should be entitled to reduction on his tax for so doing?

A year ago last winter, in a number of places on this road where the snow had always drifted badly, the fences were taken down, and the consequences were, of course, that the roads were not obstructed by drifts in the least, and where a great amount of time had to be spent every winter, to shovel and tread snow drifts, say nothing of the trouble, cost, and vexation to travelers, there was the smoothest and best road, where before it had always been drifted to the great disadvantage of travelers.

A man from the district beyond Patten village, told me that it cost their district a hundred dollars, to break roads in the first storm this winter, and probably it cost the very great number of teams on that road, twice as much more, a year ago; last winter they took the top rails off their fences, and although the snow was very deep, the roads were not obstructed by drifts in the least; last year there was but little snow, and this year they neglected taking them down, and consequently suffered the consequences.

Secondly, I would propose the wire fence, built as follows, (if the common wire fence is not safe against sheep, hogs, and other small varmints) one or two inch and a quarter, or inch and a half boards, according to what is wanted between posts &c., at the bottom, then three wires or what was necessary in the top of the post, four or six inches from the top a mope, and a good stout rail in them, the same as in post and rail fence, (possibly however to scarf and nail them on top of the posts, the same as wire fences is made, would be cheapest and answer every purpose.)

Wherever we see the wire fence, we see no more drifts than there are in the middle of the fields, and the extra expense in building the common wire fence, or the above proposed one, on the windward side of roads would be but trifling, and if brought into use, in my opinion, would be of great benefit.

For railroads, on the side that the snow blows in on, I think they would be a great desideratum.

I have built a good deal of yoke fence, and would suggest to those building that kind of fence, the advantage of putting a short piece of cedar or flat stone under the end of the sills, so as to keep them clear of the ground, and in moist land especially, your fence will remain in good order, very much longer than when the sills and bottom of the stakes are wet, and have a chance to rot. If they are put on good sized sticks, (the sills should be notched a little,) probably it will be necessary to put some stones or something of that kind under the lower rail, and they may possibly save one rail in height. Good sills, stakes and yokes are very prominent points in the durability of this fence. Far too many split their yokes and put them on too thin, without reflecting that a yoke five or six inches in diameter, braces it strongly, and is much the cheapest in the end.

ALVIN HAYNES, 2d.

Passadunking, Feb. 2, 1854.

LAW OF FREEZING WATER.

There are many well-known laws of matter, which have the appearance of being divinely provided for the benefit of man. Thus, by a very peculiar law, contrary as it were, to a general law, the rivers and fountains in our climate are prevented from freezing to any very great extent. The effect of heat upon bodies is to expand, and cold to contract them. If this law was constant in its operations, in respect to water, ice would commence to form at the bottom of lakes, rivers and brooks, then they would freeze upwards, and destroy every thing therein. This is provided against by a peculiar law.

The water of our rivers and lakes, above 40 degrees, Fahr. when exposed to a greater degree of cold, cools rapidly at its surface, which surface water is condensed and sinks. This process of surface cooling and sinking goes on rapidly until the whole water has been cooled to 40°, which is 8 degrees above the freezing point. Below this temperature the chilled surface of the water, instead of condensing into less bulk actually expands (becomes lighter) and remains at the surface, and the cold is thus very imperfectly propagated downwards. The surface in the end freezes, and the ice may thicken, but at the depth of a few feet below the temperature is not under 40°, which is indeed high when compared with that which frequently experience in our atmosphere during winter. If water, in cooling, below 40°, obeyed the same law which it does in warming, that point, our rivers, streams, and lakes, would become masses of ice, upon which our warm summers would make but little impression, and the cheerful climate which we now enjoy would be less comfortable than the frozen region of the poles. Upon such delicate and beautiful adjustments do the order and harmony of the Universe depend.

FARMERS should examine their implements, and put all in good repair needing it.

CUTTING SCIONS.

Mr. FARMER: As the season approaches for this interesting portion of every man's labor who owns or cultivates a farm or garden, some simple directions may not be uninteresting to many of your numerous readers. Many neglect cutting or procuring them, supposing they must be cut at a certain time and kept in a particular manner or they are worthless. It is quite time all such scions should be exploded.

Some ten years since I had the variety fever in fruit culture which has continued with unabated intensity. I have procured and sent scions to and from almost every State from Maine to Missouri; have cut and distributed more than one hundred thousand. So I ought to give directions with more confidence than a "raw hand."

After a tree becomes dormant and the leaf falls in Oct., scions may be cut at any time before the buds again start, which here for scion cuttings is about the last of March or in April. In fact there is no difference in time so far as relates to the value of the scions—the only trouble is to keep them. This may be done for six months or six years, and have them perfect. Scions cut in the fall may be buried in any dry soil in orchard or garden until wanted for use. When one is collecting them during the winter, the best way is to select some place where snow will not be affected by thaw, and bury them in snow as received, taking them out where the snow begins to melt in the spring and transferring them to the ice house or cellar.

When one cuts scions on his own premises for use or distribution, the best time is here generally the last of March or early in April, as they are then as dormant as in the winter, and less time and trouble to keep them.

KEEPING SCIONS. The only secret is to keep them cool and damp; not wet. The best course I have ever tried is to lay them on a brick floor in a cool cellar, and cover with thick damp sackcloth—if the sackcloth becomes dry, sprinkle it. In this manner they are kept in perfect order from March until June, and easily taken as wanted. Many plans are recommended, some troublesome and others unsafe. I once had more than 5000 packed in damp pine saw-dust in a warm cellar, and though apparently in perfect order, they became worthless.

TRANSPORTATION OF SCIONS. When sent in such quantities as to send by express, the winter is the best time—but if sent in the spring, they can easily be sent 1000 miles or more by being packed in damp moss which is well understood by those who sell scions, so that any one wanting can order with the assurance of receiving in perfect condition. Amateurs who wish scions, can, at the present low postage, get them by mail. Get a piece of oiled silk, which you can do at any dry-goods store—enclose it with two or three stamps to your correspondent with directions to wrap the scions in the silk; in this way they may be received from any part of the United States.

DRY SCIONS. Scions that have become dry (not injured by water) may be buried in ordinary garden soil one or two weeks and become perfect—which if inserted without may be worthless. This is also the true mode of treating young trees, for dry transportation. Bury the whole tree one or two weeks before planting, and a healthy vigorous growth is obtained, instead of a sickly and slow one.

C. GOODRICH.

Burlington, Vt., Feb., 1854.

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

DEEP SOUP, A LA FRANCAISE. Take three lbs. of beef, (rump, rib or flank,) put in clear, cold water, 10 or 15 minutes before using; then boil about six quarts of water, in which boiling, put the beef; two turnips sliced in four; two carrots sliced; a piece of the heart of cabbage, size of a tea cup, and a small quantity of parsley tied in a bunch; as the broth rises, skim it constantly till it ceases, which will require about 2 to 2½ hours. Care should be taken that the fire be not too ardent. After the scum ceases rising, remove the pot from the hook to a tripod, and let it simmer over a coal fire two or three hours; when ready to serve, remove the beef from the pot, then the vegetables, and pass the soup through a fine sieve into the tureen, to which add two or three slices of bread well toasted and broken in fragments, and as much of the vegetables as may suit the fancy; or if vermicelli be preferred, use about ¼ lb. of that, taking care to boil it in the broth about ten minutes (after leaving the soup) in order to cook it. Soup made after this direction is entirely free of that nauseous effect which *hasty made soup* has upon most persons, (more especially invalids,) but is rich, nourishing, and free from grease, and may be taken with beneficial effects into the most debilitated stomachs.

TO BOIL FRESH POT. Take a flat blade bone of country pork, commonly called the oyster; take out the bone and put well steaming in its place, wrap it in a clean cloth, and put into a saucepan of boiling water with a little salt; let it boil slowly for about an hour and a half, or an hour and three quarters, according to the size; it should, however, be well done. Serve it up with parsley and butter poured over plentifully. This is a most rich, and at the same time a most delicate dish, equal to both boiled and pickled pot, which, indeed, it greatly resembles.

TO REMOVE MARKS FROM TABLES. Hot dishes sometimes leave which marks on varnished tables, when set, as they should not be, carelessly upon them. To remove it, pour some lamp oil on the spot, and rub it hard with a soft cloth. Then pour on a little spirits, and rub it dry with another cloth, and the white mark will disappear, leaving the table as bright as before.

WASH FOR THE HEAD. A mother asks, "What is an efficient remedy for removing dandruff from the hair, as she has an objection to using an ivory comb?" This objection is well founded as it increases the evil. The following wash, applied with a small piece of flannel, to the roots of the hair, will be found excellent:—Three parts of oil of almonds; one part of lime water; to be shaken up well, and can be procured of any chemist. [Lady's Book.

HAKING AND MANAGEMENT OF HOT-BEDS.

The dung (stable if obtainable,) should be collected together and turned over two or three times before using. This takes off that rank burning heat, and prepares it for giving it off more uniformly. A fortnight or three weeks' heating, if constantly turned, the outside of placed in the middle, and vice versa, very materially benefits the process, especially where the hot-bed is required for very early use.

In England, where a vast amount of winter vegetables are raised, and sold at a very early season, a quantity of cucumbers, melons, and even pineapples, are grown by means of hot dung, a great deal of pains is taken when using the common garden frame to have the dung in a proper order so that the heat may be uniform and steady, instead of hasty and soon over. If the structure is a pit, it is not of so much consequence, providing the foul steam does not get to the plants; if it does it will soon make short work of them.

Near forests a quantity of leaves, especially oak, to mix with the dung, greatly assists in procuring a uniform heat; indeed many use leaves entirely for many purposes; such as the first crop of potatoes, radishes, lettuce, and so on, making excellent compost after, which is another consideration.

A situation sheltered from the winds should be selected to build on, but should be open to the sun all day. A south-east aspect is preferable, although a south or east one will do.

Having everything in readiness, proceed to measure off a space six inches larger on all sides than the frame to be used; drive a stake in each corner; let them stand perpendicular, which will be a guide in building, it being obvious the more even the manure is placed, the less likely the whole will be to sink unevenly.

Commence at the corner, and lay a layer of dung pretty thick all round, shaking the whole well to pieces, and pressing it pretty firmly with the fork. Then fill up the center nearly on a level, always keeping the center somewhat low, which when filled in, ties the whole firmly together.

Proceed with the next layer, in the same way, and so on till the height required is obtained, getting on and treading evenly over the whole surface each layer of dung. It is best to keep the front part of the bed about a foot lower than the back, when this and the shape of the frame together present the glass at a tolerable angle to the sun. Mr. Knight, one of the most scientific men of his time, recommended and adopted a plan of forming a surface of earth as a basis, which shall incline to the horizon to the extent of fifteen degrees; on this he formed the dung bed to the same inclination; and finally, the frame, when placed on such a bed, if as is usual, it be deepest behind, will present its glass at an angle of twenty degrees, instead of six or eight, thus securing a very important advantage, namely, an uniform thickness of fermenting material.

When the height is obtained, at the season we speak of, of not less than four feet, the center should be well filled up and all the short droppings laid over the top. Then with the tines of the fork the sides should be well knocked in, which helps to keep the heat from escaping. Anybody that can build a good stock of hay, can build a hot-bed; the labor is similar, and the one requires as much care as the other.

The frame should be placed on, and about three inches of soil spread all over the surface, which absorbs any noxious vapor that might otherwise arise, besides forming a level to set the pots on. The bed is now to be left for a few days, to use the common expression among gardeners, "to sweeten."

A ready and common mode of ascertaining when the atmosphere is good for vegetation, is to throw in a few seeds of mustard, which quickly germinate and grow if all is right; if they shank off it is better to defer the sowing of seeds or putting in cuttings for a day or two longer.

The bed should have some faggots or screens placed around, or the cold winds will materially lessen the heat.

As soon as the heat sensibly declines, the back should have a living of fresh dung placed to it, about eighteen inches thick, then the front and ends served the same way, covering about half of the frame as well; by the time the heat of this is exhausted, there will be no longer any use for artificial heat.

EDGAR SANDERS.

Albany, Jan. 18. [Country Gentleman.

RAPIDITY OF ELECTRICITY. In the original experiments by Professor Wheatstone to ascertain the rapidity with which electricity is transmitted along copper wire, it was found that an electric spark passed through a space of 280,000 miles in a second. It has been determined that the rapidity of transmission through iron wire is 18,000 miles a second, whilst it does not exceed 2,700 in the same space of time in the telegraph wire between London and Brussels, a great portion of which is submerged in the German Ocean. The retardation of the force in its passage through insulated wire immersed in water is calculated to have an important practical bearing in effecting a telegraphic communication with America, for it is stated by Professor Faraday that, in length of 2,000 miles, three or more waves of electric force might be transmitting at the same time, and that if the current be reversed, a signal sent through the wire might be recalled before it arrived at America.

USEFUL INVENTION FOR DRAUGHT HORSES. Mr. W. RICE, of Boston, Lincolnshire, has patented an invention which will tend greatly to decrease the labor of draught horses. It consists of a spring link, formed of steel or India rubber, attached to the traces, hame chains, or any part of the harness; so that instead of a horse taking a dead pull at starting and frequently coming down, the load is gradually admitted to the shoulder, by which means the collar forms a complete cushion, and prevents both sore shoulders and broken knees. [English paper.

Mr. JOHN JOHNSON, near Geneva, writes to the Geneva Courier that he has got a Shanghai hen which for the last three months has laid two eggs a day, from two to four days in a week, and the rest of the days one egg a day.

PAPIER MACHE.

Papier Mache is becoming one of our most important articles of manufacture. In every furniture, jeweller's or fancy store, wherever we turn, we behold rich and beautiful articles of furniture and bijouterie constructed of papier mache, resplendent in all the richness of pearl and gold, and rejoicing in the possession of hues which rival the rainbow in magnificence. But the use of papier mache is not confined entirely to ornamental or in-door purposes. It is claimed as a valuable auxiliary to the architect. In the town of Bergen, in Prussia, is an elegant church, capable of holding 1000 persons, constructed entirely—statues and all—of papier mache. Turning our attention to Australia, we find that there, too, have been reared papier mache churches, and not only churches, but dwelling houses and even villages of papier mache.

1991

I
 must
 Artist,
 wonderful
 storms
 Only.
 sh, as
 ion to
 60,000
 ke In
 RAMA
 rest in
 ecreasy
 have
 t, with
 *
 ted na-
 es and
 will be
 cert.
 HELMAN
 ing the
 nishment
 enance at
 gent.
 INDIA
 ndustry,
 s, Doe
 ra and
 REE,"
 Goods,
 is con-
 illages.
 uality,
 find his
 s to the
 nt long
 ceased
 cause of
 AVERN
 elled for
 Tavera
 ed hunt-
 address.
 ester.
 Sit
 !
 stock of
 m, by
 9
 ew.
 CARD.
 9
 HOUSE.
 PANTS
 est cash
 CLOTHS
 iders at-
 9
 n. Port-
 i the de-
 FRUIT
 very low
 2mP
 Line,
 or more.
 The
 the
 heant, all
 ow York
 on those
 ng day.)
 Nevada,
 will leave
 in Route,
 N. Y.
 Line,
 Istmas
 for Sun-
 ali.
 following
 OF THE
 RTHERIN
 ALABA.,
 S, on the
 station, are
 of 20th of
 the day of
 2 Jun del
 perty conse-
 ut twelve
 nd. and
 and safer,
 ply only
 Agrmt.
 2m48
 GIST,
 selected
 CHELEN-
 ing their
 selected
 d.
 7
 TION!
 by sub-
 ehished, en-
 well-known
 y Illumi-
 nings, and
 al, Me.
 LY.
 ith, (not
 la weeks.
 91
 91
 ceeping;
 f Modern
 Painting.
 no. 1
 House,
 bounding
 DRESEY.
 7
 commences
 on week,
 M. The
 the most
 temic ed-
 per week,
 ges.
 retary.
 5cT
 LINES,
 NN.
 urah all
 nts from
 s, Car-
 ore, V.I.
 l Sharn,
 nt kinds
 instruments
 reference—
 made in
 in store—
 aves from
 orts case,
 Few pur-
 nufacturers
 ur value
 ad defect-
 ible or
 some to be
 has no
 warrant
 Purchase
 ss of any
 in the li-
 Carbart's
 re. He
 gets general
 ents can
 the Post
 s at say
 actor—sa
 So, Me.
 ROIS.
 FUGES.
 Bank.
 desirable
 job, just
 ULL).

The Muse.

From the Kitteridge Magazine for March.
THE STABLEMAN'S HOPE.
BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the first time in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dismembered, discordant, belligerent, on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, with fraternal blood? Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full of advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured." DANIEL WEBSTER.

When'er the vapory damps of death
Shall round my dying vision veiled;
When heaven grows brighter as the earth
Fades like a rainy landscape dim;
When my latest gaze is beheld,
In fancy's magic-glass displayed,
The bright, bold banner of the land,
In all its stripes and stars arrayed.

As I see God's blessed sun
In shining glory light the world,
May it not shine on raptured States,
Disinherited from their station barred;
On lands by civil discord rent,
And drenched with fraternal feud;
May it not see these little in arms,
These cities mad with battle-ruin?

But may upon my dying eyes
A softer, sweeter vision break;
A blisful, full scene of peace
From Mexico Gulf to Northern Lake;
A vision of bright hills and plains,
With golden harvest kindly crowned;
Where sister States in flowerly bands
Their joyous dances move around.

Then far across the wide frontier,
Where roam the tribes in savage pride;
O'er the rude port may still my flag
Toss out its starry glories wide;
And high above the misty air
That o'er each mighty city shines,
May still its meteor-trophies blaze
At morning dawn and day's decline.

In battle-field, on deck of fleet,
In other years full high it flew;
Though torn with shot and scorched with flame,
It triumphed, ever brave and true;
No blot, no stain, no dark disgrace
Upon its glorious folds were cast;
It shone the brightest in the storm
Of cannon-peal and battle-blaze.

No stripe erased, no spot obscured,
Our sires the precious gift bequeathed,
Which warmed their daring hearts with fire,
And round their dying heads was wreathed.
Long, long in undimmed glory,
O'er old and new world, sea and shore,
May, world-renowned, that ensign shine,
Unstained, gorgeous as of yore!

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for ever on earth's scene;
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines softly and serene;
Ah! well his dying breath was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mold
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

stole of this, she turned to the right, and there stood Roland Payne.
"This is kind of you, Jane," he said, as he seated her upon the stump of a felled tree, and placed himself beside her. "God bless you for this!"

"It is but a little matter, Roland, to be thanked for," she replied. "Perhaps it is not exactly what I ought to do, coming secretly to meet you here, but—"

"It is a great matter, Jane," he interrupted, bitterly. "I am now a proscribed man; a thing for boys to hoot at. It requires some courage, Jane, to meet a murderer."

"I know your innocence, Roland," she answered, as, in all confidence, she leaned upon his bosom, while her tears fell fast. "Had you been tried—condemned—executed, I would still have testified unhesitatingly to your innocence."

"I sent for you here, Jane," he resumed, "to tell you my plans. I am about to leave this country for America; perhaps I may there walk about without the brand upon my brow."

"Oh, Roland!" she ejaculated, "is this your fortune? Did you not promise me to bear this affliction with patience, and to hope for better days?"

"Jane, I did so promise you," replied the unhappy young man; "and if it were not for that promise, I should have gone long ago; but things get worse every day, and I can no longer bear it. I believe if I remained here I should go mad. See what a life mine is—I am buffeted—trampled down—spit upon—shunned—"

"—jered—deserted by my fellow-countrymen; not by one, but by all," said young Jane, there is not a human being who will speak with me. I would not so good another, were I even a known murderer, while I am but a suspected one. I have not deserved this treatment, God knows I have not!" and, suddenly breaking off, he bent down his head and, giving way to the misery that oppressed him, for some moments sobbed aloud like a child.

Again she tried to combat his resolution: it seemed useless; but, unwilling to give up the point, she wrung a promise from him that he would consider the matter during the following night; and, agreeing to meet him on the same spot the next evening, she parted from him with his kisses warm upon her lips.

"Where can Jane be?" exclaimed Mrs. Armstrong, calling out and looking up and down the house in search of her. "Robert, do you know where she is?"

Mr. Armstrong knew nothing about it. The lady went into the kitchen, where the two indoor servants were seated at their tea.

"Susan—Benjamin, do you know anything of Miss Jane?"

"She is up there in the orchard with young Mr. Payne, ma'am," interposed Ned, the cart-boy, who stood by.

"How do you know?" demanded Mrs. Armstrong, wrathfully.

"Because I brought her a message from him to go there. So I just trudged up a short while ago, and there I saw 'em."

"My daughter with him?" cried Mrs. Armstrong, her face in a flame, while Susan overbalanced her chair in her haste to administer a little wholesome correction to the bold-speaking boy—"my daughter with a murderer?"

"That's why I went up," chimed in the lad, dodging out of Susan's way. "I feared he might be for killin' Miss Jane as he killed 't'other, so I thought I'd watch 'em a bit."

Away flew Mrs. Armstrong to her husband, representing the grievance with all the exaggeration of an angry woman. Loud, stinging denunciations from both greeted her upon entrance, and she, miserable and heart broken, could offer no resistance to the anger of her incensed parents.

It was very seldom Mr. Armstrong gave way to passion, never with Jane, but he did that night; and she, terrified and sick at heart, promised compliance to his commands never to see Roland Payne again.

Here was another blow for the ill-fated man. Whether he had wavered or not, after his previous interview with Jane, must remain unknown, but he now determined to leave England, and without loss of time. He went to Sir John Seabury, and gave up the lease of his farm. It was said that Sir John urged him to stop and battle out the storm; but in vain. He disposed privately of his stock and furniture, and by the first week in March he was on his way to Liverpool.

It was on the following Saturday that Jane Armstrong accompanied her father and mother to Worcester. She seemed as much like a person dead as alive, and Susan said, in confidence to a gossip, that young Payne's untoward fate was breaking her heart.

The city, in the afternoon, wore an aspect of gloomy haste for beyond that of the ordinary market-day, for the judges were expected to arrive in Oxford to hold the assizes; a grand holiday then, and still a grand show for the Worcester people.

Jane and her mother spent the day with some friends, whose residence was situated in the London-road, as it is called, the way by which the judges entered the city. It has been mentioned that the high sheriff for that year was Sir John Seabury, and about three o'clock, he went out with his procession to meet the judges, halting at the little village of Whittington until they should arrive. He soon returned with the cavalcade.

It contained only one of the judges, all-imposing in his flowing wig and scarlet robes, who he had hastened on to open court at Worcester, leaving his learned brother to follow, opposite to him sat Sir John Seabury, with his chaplain in his gown and bands; and as Jane stood with her mother and their friends at the open window, the eye of their affable young landlord caught hers, and he leaned forward and bowed; but the smile on his face was checked, for he too surely read the worn and breaking spirit betrayed by Jane's. Some personal friends of the sheriff followed the carriage on horseback; and, closing the procession, rode a crowd of Sir John's well-mounted tenants, the portly person of Mr. Armstrong conspicuous in the midst.

But when Mrs. Armstrong turned towards her daughter with an admiring remark on the pageantry, Jane was sobbing bitterly.

Mrs. and Miss Armstrong left their friends' house when tea was over, on their way to the house used by Mr. Armstrong at the opposite end of the town. They were on High-street, passing Guildhall, Jane walking dreamily forward, and her mother gazing at the unusual groups scattered about it, though all signs of the cavalcade had faded away, when Master Sam Dodd, the constable met him. He stood still, and addressed Jane.

"I think we have caught the right man at last, Miss Armstrong. I suppose it will turn out after all, that you were right about young Roland Payne."

"What has happened?" faltered Jane.

"We have taken a man, Miss, on strong suspicion that he is the one who cooked Mr. Darnley. We have been upon the scene this week past. You must be in readiness, ladies, for you will be wanted on the trial, and it will come off on Tuesday or Wednesday. You'll get your summons on Monday morning."

"What has happened?" faltered Jane.

"We have taken a man, Miss, on strong suspicion that he is the one who cooked Mr. Darnley. We have been upon the scene this week past. You must be in readiness, ladies, for you will be wanted on the trial, and it will come off on Tuesday or Wednesday. You'll get your summons on Monday morning."

"What has happened?" faltered Jane.

"We have taken a man, Miss, on strong suspicion that he is the one who cooked Mr. Darnley. We have been upon the scene this week past. You must be in readiness, ladies, for you will be wanted on the trial, and it will come off on Tuesday or Wednesday. You'll get your summons on Monday morning."

"What has happened?" faltered Jane.

"We have taken a man, Miss, on strong suspicion that he is the one who cooked Mr. Darnley. We have been upon the scene this week past. You must be in readiness, ladies, for you will be wanted on the trial, and it will come off on Tuesday or Wednesday. You'll get your summons on Monday morning."

"What has happened?" faltered Jane.

"We have taken a man, Miss, on strong suspicion that he is the one who cooked Mr. Darnley. We have been upon the scene this week past. You must be in readiness, ladies, for you will be wanted on the trial, and it will come off on Tuesday or Wednesday. You'll get your summons on Monday morning."

"What has happened?" faltered Jane.

"We have taken a man, Miss, on strong suspicion that he is the one who cooked Mr. Darnley. We have been upon the scene this week past. You must be in readiness, ladies, for you will be wanted on the trial, and it will come off on Tuesday or Wednesday. You'll get your summons on Monday morning."

"Good heart alive, constable!" cried the startled Mrs. Armstrong, "you don't mean to say that Roland Payne was innocent?"

"Why, ma'am, that have got to be proved. For my part, I think matters would be best left as they are, and not rake 'em up again: he have been treated so very shameful if it should turn out that he wasn't guilty."

It was even as the constable said. A man had been arrested and thrown into the county goal at Worcester, charged with the wilful murder of James Darnley.

CHAPTER III.
Late on Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, with their daughter, drove into Worcester, to be in readiness for the next day's trial. It was a dull, rainy evening, and Jane leaned back in the carriage, almost careless as to what the following day would bring forth, since Roland Payne had gone away forever.

At about five minutes past nine in the morning, the presiding judge took his seat on the bench. The crowded, noisy court was hushed at once to silence, the prisoner was brought in, and the trial commenced.

The chief facts against the accused was, that the pocket-book, with its contents, known to have been in Darnley's possession on the ill-fated morning, had been traced to the prisoner. The bank notes had been changed away, and a silver pencil-case that was in it had been lodged. All this he did not deny; but he asserted that he had found the pocket-book hid in the hedge, close to the spot, when he had been prowling about there a few hours subsequent to the murder. It might be as he said, and the counsel chattered wisely to each other, saying there was no evidence to convict him.

The last witness called was Jane Armstrong; and her sensible, modest, and ladylike appearance prepossessed every one in her favor. She gave her testimony clearly and distinctly. The deadly struggle she had heard; the groans of the victim, and his shrieks of murder; the words uttered by the assailant; the blow which had been dealt, and the fall of the murdered man—all were separately depicted to the jury. The crime was not brought home to the prisoner. Jane thought her testimony was over, and was waiting her dismissal from the witness-box, when the counsel for the prosecution addressed her.

"Look around you, young lady; can you point out any one person as the murderer?"

She looked attentively round the court, but she had not seen the murderer on that dark morning, the effort was vain; but, though she felt it was fruitless, she once more gazed intently and carefully at the sea of faces around her—at the prisoners among the rest, and turning again to the judge, she shook her head.

"At this moment a voice was heard, rising harshly above all the murmur of the court. Jane's back was towards the speaker, and she did not know from whom it came, but the tones thrilled upon her ear with horror, for she recognized them instantaneously. The words were addressed to the judge.

"My lord, she's going to swear away my life!"

"That's the man!" uttered Jane, with the startling earnestness of truth—"I know him by his voice."

The prisoner—for he had been the speaker—quailed as he heard her, and an ashy paleness overspread his face.

The judge gazed sternly, but somewhat mournfully, at him, and spoke words that are remembered in Worcester to this day:

"Prisoner, you have sworn yourself."

The trial proceeded to its close. A verdict of Wilful Murder was returned against the prisoner, and the judge, placing on his head the dread black cap, pronounced upon him the extreme sentence of the law.

Before he suffered he confessed his guilt, with the full particulars attending it. It may be remembered, that on the stormy evening when the chief factors in this history were introduced to the reader, the unfortunate James Darnley spoke of having just returned from a neighboring fair. At this fair, it seemed, he had entered a public-house, and finding there some farmers of his acquaintance, he sat down with them to drink a glass of ale. In the course of conversation he spoke of the stock, the cattle, &c., he had just sold, and the sum he had received for them, the money being then—he himself gratuitously added—in his breeches-pocket. He mentioned also his intended journey to Worcester market the following day, and that there his business would be to buy.

The wretched man, afterwards his murderer, was present among various other strangers, which a fair is apt to collect together, and he formed the diabolical project of robbing him that night; but by some means or other the intention was frustrated. How was never clearly ascertained, but it was supposed through Darnley's leaving for home at an unusually early hour, that he might be in time to pay a visit to the house of Miss Armstrong. The villain, however, never got to the point. Rightly judging that Darnley would not remove his money from his breeches-pocket, as he would require it at Worcester market the following day, he made his way to the victim's house in the early dark of the ensuing winter's morning, and knocked at his door. A strange proceeding, the reader will say, for one with the intentions he held. Yes, there stood James Darnley shivering at his chamber window, suddenly roused out of his bed, from a sound sleep, by the knocking; and there, underneath, stood one in the dark, whose form he was unable to distinguish; but it seemed a friendly voice that spoke to him, and it told a plausible tale—that Darnley's cows had broken from their enclosure and were straggling away, trespassing, and that he would do well to rise and hasten to them. With a few cordial thanks to the unknown visitor, and a pithy anathema on his cows, Darnley thrust on his knee-breeches—the breeches, his destroyer had foreseen—and his farm-gig, went down stairs, and departed hastily on his errand. The reader need be told no more.

This was the substance of his confession; and on the appointed day he was executed in presence of an immense concourse of spectators.

In proportion as the tide had turned against Roland Payne, so did it now set in for him. The neighborhood, one and all, took shame to themselves for their conduct to an innocent man, and it was astonishing to observe how quick they were in declaring that they must have been fools to suspect such a kind-hearted, honorable man could be guilty of murder.

Mrs. Armstrong's self-reproaches were keen; she was a just woman, and she knew that she had treated him with bitter harshness. Sir John Seabury, however, did not waste words in condolence and reproaches, as the others did; he despatched a trusty messenger to Liverpool, in the hope of catching Payne before he embarked for a foreign land, and, as vessels in those times did not start every day, as steamers do in these, he was successful.

CHAPTER IV.
It was a beautiful afternoon in the middle of March; the villagers were decked out as for a holiday; garlands and festoons denoted that there was some unusual cause for rejoicing, and the higher class of farmers and their wives were grouped together, conversing cheerfully. Jane Armstrong stood by her mother, a happy dash

upon her pleasing countenance. It was the hour of the expected return of Roland Payne, and a rustic band of music had gone forth to meet the stage coach.

Every body was talking, nobody listening, the buzz of expectation rose louder and louder, and soon the band was heard returning, half of it blowing away at "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," the other half (not having been able to agree among themselves) drumming and whistling "God Save the King." Before the audience had time to comment on the novel effect of this new music, horses' heads were seen in the distance, and not the heavy coach, as had been expected, but the open barouche of Sir John Seabury came in sight, containing himself and Roland Payne.

Roland was nearly hugged to death. Words of apology and congratulation, of excuse and goodwill, of repentance and joy were poured into the air by all, save Jane; and she stood away, the uncontrollable tears coursing down her face. It was plain, in a moment, that he bore no malice to any of them; his brow was as frank as ever, his eye as merry, his hands as open to clasp theirs—he was the same old Roland Payne of months ago.

"Roland Payne!" exclaimed Mrs. Armstrong, standing a little before the rest, "I was the first to accuse you; I was the foremost to rail at and shun you; let me be the most eager to express my painful regret, and so far—which is all I can do—make reparation. For the future, you shall not have a more sincere friend than I will be to you."

"Let allow me, Mr. Payne, to be the second to speak," added Sir John, "although I have no apology to make, for I never believed you guilty, as you know; but all these good people did, and it is no use, you are aware, to run against a stream. As some recompense for what you have suffered, I hereby offer you a lease of the farm and lands rented by the unfortunate James Darnley. It is the best vacant farm on my estate. And—a word yet; should you not have sufficient ready money to stock it, I will be your banker."

Roland Payne grasped in silence the offered hand of his landlord. His heart was too full to speak, but a hum of gratification from those around told that the generosity was deeply appreciated.

"But, Mrs. Armstrong," continued Sir John Seabury, with a merry smile upon his countenance, "if there be no other recompense you can offer him?"

Jane was now standing among them, by Roland's side, though not a word had yet passed between them. His eyes fondly sought hers at the last words, but her glowing countenance was averted from him and Sir John Seabury.

"Ay, by all that's right and just, there is, Sir John," burst forth good Farmer Armstrong. "He deserves her, and she shall have her, and if my wife will says no, why I don't think she is any wife of mine!" But she did not say so.

And the secret was not confined to Sir John Seabury. The crowd had comprehended it now, and suddenly, as with one universal voice, the air was rent with shouts—"Long live Roland Payne and his fair wife when he shall win her! Long life and happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Roland Payne!"

THE MAMMOTH TREE FROM CALIFORNIA.
The clipper ship Messenger, which recently arrived here from San Francisco, brought on deck one of the greatest natural curiosities that could be offered to the public. It is nothing more nor less than a section of the California tree; the largest tree that has been discovered in the modern Eldorado—the largest in the world. This tree was situated in the southernly slope of a hill, in a soil fifteen feet in depth. Its roots extended in all directions for more than fifty rods upon the hillside, and down to the depth of the soil. At the ground line circumference was 92 feet, 4 feet above that it was 88 feet, and 10 feet above 66 feet, and the tapering of the shaft was very gradual and symmetrical upwards for 325 feet of its very top. From actual estimate of its diurnal layers, it is more than 300 years since its unparalled majesty of cedar was a sapling in its teens. Then for a large space on the outer surface next to the bark the rings of growth are so thin as not to be distinguished from each other.

The outward dimensions of the main trunk were about the same as the Bunker Hill Monument. From actual measurement it contains more than three hundred cords of wood. A vast deal of labor was required to level such a mountain of wood to the earth, and afterwards to its foot, with augers, axes, and saws at its disposal, it finally fell prostrate; the crash can neither be imagined nor described, the jar of the hill was perceived for miles, as if an earthquake had passed that way.

The base having been much burned by the fire of the Indians, it was necessary in order to get a perfect section, to chop the tree entirely through twice. After one hundred and fifty days incessant labor this was effected, and a block of ten feet in length lay severed from the huge pile. But the next thing was to transport such a mass, and by any available means at hand it was apparently as impossible as it would have been to move the hill where it laid. It was finally brought through the center, the earth was dug away from one end and a fire built underneath which was left burning for several weeks. The auger hole made a good chimney, the fire was gradually developed by the action of the fire until the men could work inside with their axes. In this manner it was excavated to within about two feet of the surface. It was afterwards moved down the hill with levers for more than a mile, then drawn eighteen miles by twenty oxen to Menstunt and then shipped to San Francisco.

At San Francisco, only about fifty miles from the place of its growth, it was the greatest curiosity ever exhibited. The whole city of men, women and children flocked to see it. One hundred men could easily stand inside the hollow at the same time, and a six foot man rode a full sized horse through it without touching his hat to the upper surface.

This great curiosity is to be exhibited in this city for a short time before its removal to New York and Boston. [Philad. Ledger.]

REPS OF PUNCE.
A CASE OF CALORIMETER. It is mentioned in the papers that a tiger recently had his diseased nails extracted whilst under the influence of a powerful dose of chloroform. A wretched punster of our acquaintance, on being told of it, remarked that this was certainly the most extraordinary case of *claw-reform* he ever heard of!

NEW LAWS FOR OLD ONES. Odessa, according to the author of a new book on Russia, labored under the disadvantage of being badly lighted. It is satisfactory to know that an English company—a ship's company, in fact—has undertaken, at the shortest notice, to light up the town in question so brilliantly as to cause confusion at St. Petersburg, and enable the Czar to read French and English handwriting very distinctly, even at that distance. The iron tubes are ready laid, and the parties are only waiting for a few posts.

Sabbath Reading.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

"Forever with the Lord!"

"Forever with the Lord!"

"Forever with the Lord!"

"Forever with the Lord!"

"Forever with the Lord!"

"Forever with the Lord!"

"Forever with the Lord!"

"Forever with the Lord!"

"Forever with the Lord!"

"Forever with the Lord!"

"Forever with the Lord!"

"Forever with the Lord!"

"Forever with the Lord!"

"Forever with the Lord!"

"Forever with the Lord!"

"Forever with the Lord!"

"Forever with the Lord!"

"Forever with the Lord!"